#### CARNEGIE WAS POOR

THE GREAT MANUFACTURER ONCE WORKED FOR \$1.20 A WEEK.

How He Served His Early Apprenticea Business Man and Acquire an Enormous Fortune.

In the Youth's Companion of the current week appears an article from the pen of Andrew Carnegie, entitled: "How I Served My Appreticeship as a Business Man." It

It is a great pleasure to try to tell the readers of the Youth's Companion "How I Served My Appreticeship as a Business But there seems to be a question preceding this: Why did I become a business man? I am sure that I should never have selected a business career if I had been per-

The eldest son of parents, who were themselves poor, I had, fortunately, to begin to perform some useful work in the world while and was thus shown even in early possible also a "bread-winner" in the famfly. What I could get to do, not what I

When I was born my father was a wellto-do master weaver in Dunfermline, Scotland. He owned no less than four damask looms and employed apprentices. This was day of steam factories for the chants took orders and employed "master weavers," such as my father, to weave the cloth, the merchants supplying the materi-

As the factory system developed, handloom weaving naturally declined, and my father was one of the sufferers by the our little home greatly disof age, but the lesson burned into my heart, and I resolved that "the wolf of poverty" would be driven from our door some day if

The question of selling the old looms and starting for the United States came up in the family council, and I heard it discussed from day to day. It was finally resolved to take the plunge and join relatives already in Pitisburg. I well remember that neither father has mother thought the change would father nor mother thought the change would be otherwise than a great sacrifice for them, but that "it would be better for our two

boys."
In after life, if you can look back and wonder at the complete surrender of their own desires which parents make for the good of their children, you must reverence their memories with feelings akin to worship.

EARNING THE FIRST DOLLAR. Arriving in Allegheny City, four of usfather, mother, my younger brother and myself-father entered a cotton factory. I soon followed and served as a "bobbin boy," and this is how I began my preparation for subsequent apprenticeship as a business man. I received \$1.20 a week, and was then just about twelve years old.

I cannot tell you how proud I was when I given to me because I had been of some use in the world! No longer entirely dependent upon my parents, but at last admitted to I did not jump at it; so I answered promptly:

"Yes, sir, I think I can."

"Yes, sir, I think I can."

"Very well," he said, "get it; a man has member and able to help them! I think this makes a man out of a boy sooner than almost anything else, and a real man, too, if there be any germ of true manhood in him. It is everything to feel that you are

I have had to deal with great sums. Many millions of dollars have since passed through my hands. But the genuine satisfaction I had from that \$1.20 outweighs and subsequent pleasure in money-getting. It was the direct reward of honest, manual labor; it represented a week of very hard work, so hard that but for the aim and end which sanctified it, slavery might not be much too strong a term to describe it.

For a lad of twelve to rise and breakfast every morning except the blessed Sunday morning, and go out in the streets and find his way to the factory, and begin work while it was still dark outside, and not be released until after darkness came again in the evening, forty minutes interval being allowed at noon, was a terrible task.

allowed at noon, was a terrible task.

But I was young and had my dreams, and something within always told me that this would not, could not, should not last—I should some day get into a better position. Beside this, I felt myself no longer a mere boy, but quite "a little man," and this made

A change soon came, for a kind old Scots-man, who knew some of our relatives, made bobbins and took me into his factory before I was thirteen. But here for a time it was even worse than in the cotton factory, because I was set to fire a boiler in the cellar, and actually to run the small steam engine which drove the machinery.

BAD DREAMS ABOUT A BOILER, The firing of the boiler was all right, for fortunately we did not use coal, but the refuse wooden chips, and I always liked to We have found it." work in wood. But the responsibility of keeping the water right and of running the engine, and the danger of my making a thing strange and new.

How money could make money, how, without any attention from me, this mysterious es caused too great a strain, and I often awoke and found myself sitting up in bed through the night trying the steam gauges. But I never told them at home that I was having a "hard tussle." No! no!

everything must be bright to them.

This was a point of honor, for every member of the family was working hard, except, of course, my little brother, who was then a child, and we were telling each other only all the bright things. Beside this, no man would whine and give up—he would die first. There was no servant in our family, and several dollars per week were earned by "the mother" by binding shoes after her daily work was done! Father was also hard at work in the factory. And could I complain? My kind employer, John Hay, peace to his ashes! soon relieved me of the undue strain, for he needed some one to make out bills and keep his accounts, and finding that I could write a plain, schoolboy hand, and could "cipher," I became his only cierk. But still I had to work hard upstairs in the factory, for the clerking took but little time. You know how people moan about povof course, my little brother, who was then As a rule, there is more genuine satisfac-tion, a truer life, and more obtained from life in the humble cottages of the poor than in the palaces of the rich. I always pity the sons and daughters of rich men who are attended by servants, and have governesses

at a later age, but am glad to remember that they do not know what they have have kind fathers and mothers, too and I think they enjoy the sweetness of these blessings to the fullest, but this they do; for the poor boy, who has in his constant companion, tutor and and in his mother-holy name-his teacher, guardian angel, saint, all in as a richer, more precious fortune life than any rich man's son who is not favored can possibly know, and compared with which all other fortunes count for little. It is because I know how sweet and hap-py and pure the home of honest poverty is, how free from perplexing care, from social envies and emulations, how loving and united its members may be in the common interest supporting the family, that I sympathize with the rich man's boy and congratulate the poor man's boy; and it is for these reasees that from the ranks of the poor so many strong, eminent, self-reliant men have always sprung and always must spring.

If you will read the list of the "Immortals who were not born to die," you will find that most of them have been born to the riceless heritage of poverty.

It seems, nowadays, a matter of universal

desire that poverty should be abolished. We should be quite willing to abolish luxury, but to abolish honest, industrious, self-denying poverty would be to destroy the soil upon which mankind produces the virtues which enable our race to reach a still higher civilization than it now possesses. ENTERING A NEW WORLD. I come now to the third step of my ap-

prenticeship, for I had already taken two. as you see, the "cotton factory" and then the "bobbin factory," and with the thirdthe third time is the chance, you knowdeliverance came. I obtained a situation as messenger boy in the telegraph office of Pittsburg when I was fourteen, Here I en-

ink and writing pads and a clean office, bright windows and the literary atmosphere, I was the happiest boy alive.

My only dread was that I would some day e dismissed because I did not know the city, grams. But I was a stranger in Pittsburg. However, I made up my mind that I would learn to repeat successively each business house in the principal streets, and was soon able to shut my eyes and begin at one side of Wood street, call every firm successively to the top, and then pass to the other side and call every firm to the bottom. Before long I was able to do this with the business streets generally. My mind was then at rest

upon that point.

Of course, every ambitious messenger boy wanted to become an operator, and before the operators arrived in the early mornings the boys slipped up to the instruments and practiced. This I did, and was able to talk to the other boys along the line, who were

One morning I heard Philadelphia calling Pittsburg and giving the signal, "Death message." Great attention was then being paid to "death messages," and I thought I ought to try to take this one. I answered and did so, and went off and delivered it before the operator came. After that the operators sometimes used to ask me to work for them. Having a sensitive ear for sound, I soon learned to take messages by the ear, which was then very uncommon-I think only two persons in the United States could then do it. Now every operator takes by ear, so easy is it to follow and do what any other boy can-if you only have to. This brought me into notice, and finally I became an operator and received the to me enormous

This was a fortune; the very sum that I had fixed when I was a factory worker as the fortune I wished to possess, because the family could live on \$300 a year and be almost or quite independent. Here it was at last! But I was soon to be in receipt of extra compensation for extra work. The six newspapers of Pittsburg received news in common. Six copies of each dispatch per week for the work, and he offered me a gold dollar every week if I would do it, of which I was very glad, indeed, because I always liked to work with news and scribble for newspapers.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

The reporters came to a room every even-ing for the news which I had prepared, and this brought me into most pleasant inter-course with these clever fellows, and, be-sides, I got a dollar a week as pocket money, for this was not considered family revenue

by me.

I think this last step of doing something beyond one's task is fully entitled to be considered "business." The other revenue, you see, was just salary obtained for regular work; but here was a "little business operation" was your account, and I was very tressed because there was no more work for proud indeed of my dollar every week. him to do. I was then just about ten years | The Pennsylvania railroad shortly after appeted to Phitsburg, and that genius, Thomas A. Scott, was its superintendent. He often came to the telegraph office to talk to his chief, the general super-intendent, at Altoona, and I became known to him in this way.

CLERK TO A FAMOUS MAN. When that great railway system put up a wire of its own, he asked me to be his "clerk and operator." So I left the telegraph office-in which there is great danger that a young man may be permanently buried, as it were-and became connected with the railways. The new appointment was accompanied by a, to me, tremendous increase of salary. It jumped from \$25 to \$35 per month Mr. Scott was then receiving \$125 per month, and I used to wonder what on earth he

could do with so much money. I remained for thirteen years in the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and was at last superintendent of the Pittsburg division of the road, successor to Mr. Scott, who had in the meantime risen to the office

of vice president of the company. One day, Mr. Scott, who was the kindest of men, and had taken a great fancy to me, received my first week's own earnings. One asked me if I had or could find \$500 to invest. dollar and twenty cents made by myself and | Here the business instinct came into play. I felt that as the door was opened for a business investment with my chief, it would be willful flying in the face of providence if

just died who owns ten shares in the Adams Express Company, which I want to buy. It will cost you \$60 per share, and I can help you with a little balance if you cannot raise it\_all."

Here was a queer position. The available assets of the whole family were not \$500. But there was one member of the family whose ability, pluck and resource never failed us, and I felt sure the money could be raised somehow or other by my mother. Indeed, had Mr. Scott known our position he would have advanced it himself, but the last thing in the world the proud Scot will do is to reveal his poverty and rely upon others. The family had managed by this time to purchase a small house, and paid for it in order to save rent. My recollection is that

it was worth \$800. The matter was laid before the council of three that night, and the oracle spoke: "Must be done. Mortgage our house. I will take the steamer in the morning for Ohio, and see uncle, and ask him to arrange it.

I am sure he can." This was done. Of course, her visit was successful—where did

The money was procured; paid over; ten shares of Adams Express Company stock were mine, but no one knew our little home from short

had been mortgaged "to give our boy a Adams Express stock then paid monthly dividends of 1 per cent., and the first check for \$10 arrived. I can see it now, and I will remember the signature of "J. C. Babcock, cashier," who wrote a big "John Hancock"

The next day being Sunday, we boys-my self and my ever-constant companions-took our usual Sunday afternoon stroll in the country, and sitting down in the woods I showed them this check, saying, "Eureka!

Here was something new to all of us, for none of us had ever received anything but from toil. A return from capital was somegolden visitor should come, led to much speculation upon the part of the young fellows, and I was for the first time hailed as Arbitration Conference.

You see I was beginning to serve my apprenticeship as a business man in a satis-

THE FIRST SLEEPING CAR. A very important incident in my life occurred when, one day in a train, a nice, farmer-looking gentleman approached me, saying that the conductor had told him I was connected with the Pennsylvania railroad, and he should like to show me something. He pulled from a small green bag the model of the first sleeping car. This was Mr. Woodruff, the inventor. Its value struck me like a flash. I asked him to come to Altoona the following week, and he did

Mr. Scott, with his usual quickness, grasped the idea. A contract was made with Mr. Woodruff to put two trial cars on the You know how people moan about poverty being a great evil, and it seems to be accepted that if people had only plenty of money and were rich, they would be happy and more useful, and get more out of life.

An a rule there is more out of life.

Mr. Woodruff to put two trial cars on the Pennsylvania railroad. Before leaving Altona, Mr. Woodruff came and offered me an interest in the venture, which I promptly accepted. But how I was to make my payaccepted. But how I was to make my payments rather troubled me, for the cars were to be paid for in monthly installments after delivery, and my first monthly payment was to be \$217.50.

I had not the money, and I did not see any way of getting it. But I finally decided to visit the local banker and ask him for a loan, pledging myself to repay at the rate of \$15 per month. He promptly granted it. Never shall I forget his putting his arm over my shoulder, saying. "Oh, yes, Andy, you are all right

I then and there signed my first note. Proud day, this; and surely, now, no one will dispute that I was becoming a "business man." I had signed my first note, and, more important of all—for any fellow can sign a note—I had found a banker willing to take it as "good." My subsequent payments were made by the receipts of the sleeping cars, and I really made my first considerable sum from this investment in the Woodruff Sleeping-car Company, which was afterward absorbed

by Mr. Pullman-a remarkable man, who is now know all over the world. Shortly after this I was appointed superin-tendent of the Pittsburg division, and returned to my dear old home, smoky Pittsburg. Wooden bridges were then used ex-clusively upon the railways, and the Pennsylvania railroad was experimenting with s oridge built of cast iron. I saw that wooden bridges would not do for the future, and or-

ganized a company in Pittsburg to build iron

Here, again, I had recourse to the bank, because my share of the capital was \$1,250, and I had not the money; but the bank lent it to me, and we began the Keystone bridge works, which proved a great success. This company built the first great bridge over the Ohio river, 300 feet span, and has built many of the most important structures since. This was my beginning in manufacturing; and from that start all other works have grown, the profits of the one works building the other. My "apprenticeship" as a business man soon ended, for I resigned my position as an officer of the Pennsylvania Rail-

road Company to give exclusive attention to business. I was no longer merely an official working for others upon a salary, but a full-fledged tered a new world.

I never was quite reconciled to working grade it to the vulgar level of the bully for other people. At the most, the railway ready and eager for a fight.

officer has to look forward to the enjoyment of a stated salary, and he has a great many people to please; even if he gets to be presi-dent he has sometimes a board of directors who cannot know what is best to be done

as the property is not his own he cannot manage it as he pleases.

I always liked the idea of being my own master, of manufacturing something and giving employment to many men. There is only one thing to think of manufacturing if you are a Pittsburger, for Pittsburg even then had asserted her supremacy as the "Iron City"—the leading iron and steel manufacturing city in America.

So my indispensable and clever partners,

who had been my boy companions, I am de-lighted to say-some of the very boys who had met in the grove to wonder at the \$10 check-began business, and still continue extending it, to meet the ever-growing and ever-changing wants of our most progressive country, year after year.

Always we are hoping that we need expand no farther; yet ever we are finding that to stop expanding would be to fail behind, and even to-day the successive improvements and inventions follow each other so rapidly that we see just as much yet to be done as ever. When the manufacturer of steel ceases to

grow he begins to decay, so we must keep on extending. The result of all these developments is that three pounds of finished steel are now bought in Pittsburg for 2 cents, which is cheaper than anywhere else on earth, and that our country has become the greatest producer of iron in the world. ship and graduating as a business man, which has given me great pleasure to tell the readers of the Youth's Companion, on account of the Companion itself as well as of the kind of boys and girls who read it. I admire the paper for a great many reasons, but chiefly because I have never read one word in its columns which was not calculated to do us all good-young and old olike. Its influence is always on the side of noble; and I am sure that we who read i year after year cannot find in all the world

Her Temper.

Cleveland Plain Dealer. "That Mrs. Naglet has the worst all-round bad temper I ever knew." "Yes, even her hair snarls."

New Woman. New York World. "It seems queer." "This giving alimony to the men."

Quite Enough. Cleveland Plain Dealer. Mary-How do you think I would look photographed on my wheel? Jane—Just the head and shoulders? Nicely.

Rapid Fluctuation. "Why does Mile. Fling jump up and down all over the stage like lightning?"

"That is her wonderful new dance, known

as 'The Price of Butter.' " Tired Souls.

Irksome Ike-Say, Sammle, how'd yer like to be an angel? Sam'l Fewcloze-Not er bit. Think of the work it'd take to keep yer wings flappin'.

Will Meet Her Match. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "Miss Gabb will have to stop talking once in awhile after she is married.' "What makes you say that?"
"I hear that she is engaged to a professional pugilist."

Love in Chicago. New York Weekly.

Mr. Lakeside (Chicago)-Has your son gone to his club again? Mrs. Lakeside-Probably not. He put two pistols in his pockets before starting. He is probably going to propose to a girl.

His Mind Easy.

Philadelphia North American. Rooter-After all, I'm g'ad that man Hoimes is to be put out of the way at last. Hannus-Why does it concern you? Rooter-Oh, when the papers stop publishing his doings I can then give my undivided attention to the baseball news.

The Presbyterian Method.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "I went to the installation of our new minister last night," said Mrs. Dinwiddie, who is a devout Presbyterian. "In your church the ministers get acquainted with their people on the install-ment plan, do they?" asked Mrs. Van

Braam, who is a Methodist. Only Fifty Weeks in This Year.

Teacher-How many weeks in the year, Tommy Timkins? Ton-my-Only fifty this year. Teacher-You know very well that there Tommy-No'm; not this year. Pa says

he's going to take two weeks off. Sweet Bait.

Fond Mother-Willie, as you come home from school, stop at the store and get me two bars of scap and a nickel's worth of Fond Father-What in the world do you want the candy for? F. M.-Oh, that's so he'll not forget the

Embarrassments of the Language. "I'm too well educated for the bicycle

business," said the young man, sadly. "What's the matter?" "I lost a customer to-day because I insisted on her making it clear to me whether she was after a 'nineteen-pound lady's wheel or a lady's nineteen-pound wheel.'

CARL SCHURZ ON WAR.

New York Evening Post.

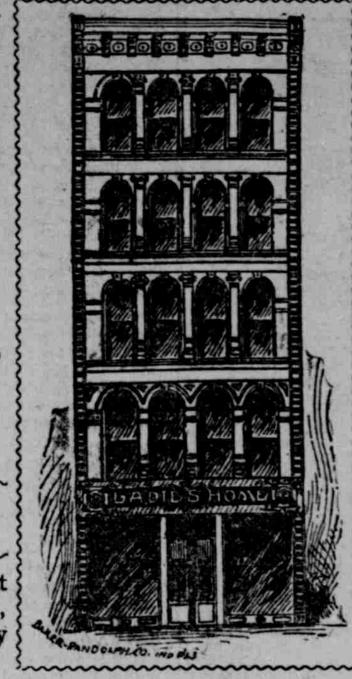
I know, however, from personal experi-ence, of some otherwise honorable and sen-sible men who wish for a war on sentimental -aye, on high moral ground. One of them, whom I much esteem, confessed to me that he longed for a war, if not with England, then with Spain or some other power, as he said, "to lift the American people out of their materialism and to awaken once more that heroic spirit which moved young Cushing to risk his life in blowing up the Confederate steamer Albemarle." This, when I heard it, fairly took my breath away. And yet, we must admit, such fanciful confusion of ideas is not without charm to some of our high-spirited young men. But what a mock-ing delusion it is! To lift a people out of materialism by war. Has not war always excited the spirit of reckless and unscrupulous speculation, not only while it was going on, but also afterwards, by the economic disorders accompanying and outlasting it? Has it not always stimulated the rapid and often dishonest accumulation of riches on one side, while spreading and intensifying want and misery on the other? Has it not thus always had a tendency to plunge a peo-ple still deeper into materialism? Has not every great war left a dark streak of de-moralization behind? Has it not thus always proved dangerous to the purity of republi-can governments? Is not this our own experience? And as to awakening the heroic spirit-does it not, while stirring noble impulses in some, excite the base passions in others? And do not the young Cushings among us find opportunities for heroism in the life of peace, too? Would it be wise in the economy of the universe to bring on a war, with its bloodshed and devastation, its distress and mourning, merely for the purpose of accommodating our young braves with chances for blowing up ships? The old Roman poet tells us that it is sweet and glorious to die for one's country. It is noble, indeed. But to die on the battlefield is not the highest achievement of heroism. To live for a good cause honestly, earnestly, unsel-fishly, laboriously, is at least as noble and heroic as to die for it, and usually far more

I have seen war; I have seen it with its glories and its horrors; with its noble emoions and its beastialities; with its exaltations and triumphs, and its unspeakable miseries and baneful corruptions; and I say to you, I feel my blood tingle with indigna-tion when I hear the flippant talk of war as if it were only a homoay pastime or an athletic sport. We are often told that there are things worse than war. Yes, but not many. He deserves the curse of mankind who, in the exercise of power, forgets that war should be only the very last resort even in contending for a just and beneficent end, after all the resources of peaceful methods are thoroughly exhausted. As an American, proud of his country and anxious that the Republic should prove itself equal to the most glorious of its opportunities, I cannot but denounce as a wretched fatuity that socalled patriotism which will not remember that we are the envy of the whole world for the priceless privilege of being exempt from the oppressive burden of warlike preparations; which, when it sees other nations groaning under that load, tauntingly asks, "Why do you not disarm?" and then insists that the American people, too, shall put the incubus of heavy armament on their backs; and which would drag this Republic down from its high degree of the cham-

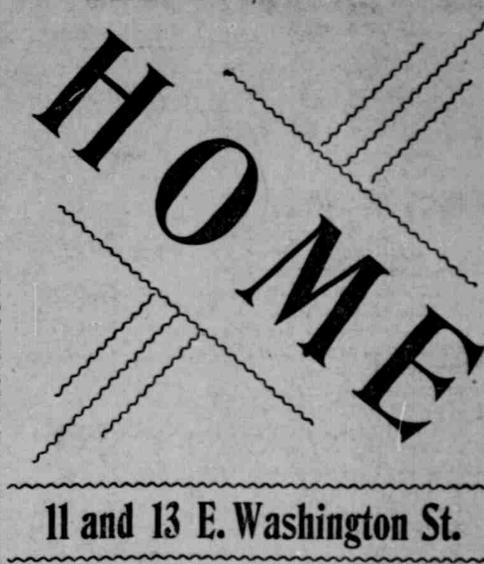


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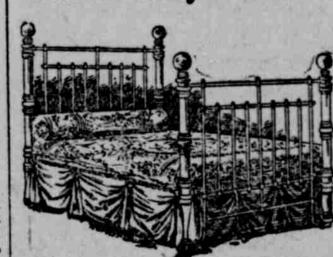
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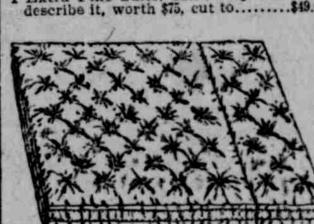
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40-pound Special Hair Mattresses at.\$10.00
40-pound Superior Hair Mattreses Box Mattresses to Order from \$9 up.



FIFTH FLOOR. Five-piece Oak Parlor Suite, uphols-tered in Silk Tapestry, at \$18. Six-piece Mahogany Parlor Suite, up-holstered in Silk Tapestry, at \$31. Three-piece Solid Mahogany Suite, worth \$135, cut to \$85. Five-piece Suites, upholstered in Imported Silk Damask, made to sell for \$160, cut, while advertised only, to \$78.

Fancy Corner Chairs, from \$7 to \$18.

Artistic Reception Chairs at \$6, \$8 and

#### Rockers

THIRD FLOOR. Solid Mahogany Rockers, upholstered in Leather and Damask. worth \$15, cut to ......\$10.50 1 all-leather Rocker, made to sell for BIG BARGAINS in Sideboards, Dining Chairs, China Closets, Extension Tables, Center Tables and Couches and Lounges, and Furniture.

## Carpets

New Shipment of Carpets, Including All the Best Things

We bought 200 rolls of carpets at price considerably less than cost. We will put them on sale Monday morning, at prices to make them go. We want people to see our elegant carpet department, and will use special prices to induce them to

1,000 yards Tapestry Brussels, at...... 45c
2,000 yards Tapestry Brussels, at...... 50c
2,500 yards Tapestry Brussels, at...... 65c
3,000 yards Stinson's Tapestry Brussels, the prettiest goods made, put on your floor for ...... 85c
1,500 yards Smith's Moquettes, at...... 90c
1,000 yards of Velvet, at ....... 65c
500 yards Velvet, at ...... 75c
2,000 yards Stinson's best Velvets, at.\$1.00

### Ingrain Carpets

10 pieces all-wool Ingrains, at........42c 1,800 yards all-wool Ingrains, at.......50c 3,000 yards extra Supers, all wool......50c Thousands of yards of good Ingrains, at .....

Large Shipment Just received. They are all beauties, and our prices make them decided bar-

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At especial low prices, to show our ele Cut 40 Per Cent. gant line. 25 pairs Brussels Net Laces, never sold under \$15; our sale price ........ 50 pairs regular \$20 Brussels Laces; 

Straw Mattings, Portieres and



Basement.—150 different styles in Cabs. We have all the newest designs, and with Parasols in every shape and color. Prices from \$5 up to \$50. Our special \$10 Cab is a beauty, and cannot be bought elsewhere

### Gasoline Stoves and Gas Ranges

Basement We carry a full and complete line of all the best makes of the above goods. Our special prices, to advertise our basement, are in proportion with prices in all the other departments. Our \$12 Gasoline Stoves cut to ..... \$7.5 Our \$7 Gasoline Stoves cut to ...... 4.50 Our \$40 Gas Range, the finest shown in the city, cut to ......



Basement.-Twelve different styles, in all sizes; prices from \$3.50 to \$40. Our line of these goods is far superior to any ever shown here.

Some Bargains in China and Glassware

Glass Berry Dishes, at .....